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THE GREEN TRIANGLE.

Here you have it, fellows - the ninth and second-to-last edition o th Green Triangle for 1935. Next week will be our last chance to see and hear your name in print - to experience the joy of having some of your own work published - in other words to send in your contributions. Remember, we publish anything. However, a few hints as to what you might follow and write up - what the Staff does on Wednesdays, why Chief makes such frequent visits,to the city, and why John Kidd can never be found in Camp on Saturday evenings.

-oOo-

Sunday, August 11, was a day momentous in the History of Kanawana. It was a very beautiful day, in fact almost perfect;ice cream was served again at supper after a lapse of some weeks; but best of all, some twenty girls from Junior League were our welcome visitors. We certainly were glad to have them here - especially the directors and certain counselors. In fact, we ha e it on good authority that they have been asked back for to-morro w.

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Musicale on Sunday Evening.

Last Sunday evening, on the gallery of the Lodge, there transpired a program without precedent in the annals of Kanawana - a musicale. It was very fine, and the degree of attention paid to the artists attending showed in itself to what extent the campers enjoyed the efforts of our musicians. Harold Potter, Bill Paul,Wilf Buckley,Art Morrow, Doug Reilly, Les Bourbas,Stewart Morrison, Neil MacKinnon - all contributed to make it a evening to be long remembered by all who heard. There were present besides our own campers several visitors from Junior League, who declared that it was a rare treat. The boys who partook deserve the sincere praise of everone.

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Council Ring.

On Thursday last there was held the first Indian Council Ring Ceremony of the Tribes of Kanawana for this season. It met with an enthusiastic reception, and bodes well for the future of such fires at Kanawana.

Dowards nightfall all the braves and chiefs gathered on the territory inhabited by the Juniors, clad in the Characteristic blanket and feathers and proceeded as tribes, each with a little Chief, to the main Council Ring. After thier entrance and the Ceremony of Roll Call the Council was officially opened. The fire was lit from four forks symbolic,of truth, of a beautiful body,
Then the council was thrown open to reports of interesting phoenomona of nature in this section of the country, followed by challenges and a particularly fetching dance by the Senior Camp. The ecremony ended in the chanting of the Omaha Tribal Prayer , the braves filed out to the haunting music of the Tom-tom.

It was a great success, and repeated dem nds for more make it almost a c certainty that next year will witness other similar programs.

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Bite the Flea.

The record of this year at Kanawana has been saddened by the loss of the camp mascot - Bite the Flea. We are very sorry to have to report that as he was mak9ing his toilette this morning he fell from his precarious perch in the Chef's mustache into a bowl of porridge where he wsa promptly poisoned by the usual overdose of salt. Funeral Notice Later.

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Dorothy Dix' Advice to the Lovelorn

Dear Miss Dix,

My bewt pall and I go every night to St. Sauveur to see two girls we know. He always runs off with the blond and leaves me with the Brunette. Is that fair?

Lorne Hamilton.

Dear Lorne,

Fair to him, Brunette to you.

Dear Dorothy,

I am dark, strong and handsome, and possess everything on the world a young girl could desire, yet no young girl will go out with me. What can the matter be?

Currie Cammichael.

Dear Currie

Even your best friend wo ldn't tell you that.

Dear Miss Dix,

I am invited to a golden wedding anniverdary and I am expected to bring something in gold. What is the cheapest tjing I could get?

Flit.

Dear Flit,

Try a gold fish.

Dear Miss Dix,

My ideal of a wife is one who can make good bread.

Mr Buckley.

Dear Buck old Boy,

My ideal of a husband is one who can raise the Dough in time of knead.

Dear Miss Dix,

Have you ever been lonely, have you ever been blue?

Art Wilkinson.

Dear Art,

Yes, I have been lonesome all season: this years' counselors are not nearly as forward as last years'.

-oOo-

Kanawana Thru' a Keyhole, by Snoop.

John Proscurin hasd a lady fried down the road; she moved away. But she couldn't take it - she's back again!

A news flash from Carmichael "Frankie and Kohnnie were lovers."

Seeing that the majority ofmvisitors last Sunday were Junior League girls, were were greatly surprised that Langoille and Hamilton did not takethe visitors' tables.

Heard at a Juvenile table:
Carmichael: Don't do that. Where were you brought up?
Crossey: Alabama!

The only bathing attire they have at Junior League is decidedly feminine -and ask Lorne Hamilton if it isn't hard to get into! A daring 1936 red flannel model was the only suit he could borrow, and like all modern ladies' suits, It Cl ings!

A hangover from Marois Night:
Doug Macdonald : Let's sit this dance out; no one will be any the wiser.
Partner: Oh yes, you will!

A flash from Senior Camp:
Howie Langoille: I thought you said you could keep a secret?
Le Riche. We ll, I kept it for a week; do you think I'm a cold storage plant?

-oOo-

Dear Miss Dix; I can't sleep - my nightd are agony. I count sheep till all hours, and have even resorted to counting backwards; but to no avail. Please tell me, is it love?

Ralph Flitton.

Dear Ralph, No it is not love - it is insomnia.

Dorothy Dix' Advice to the Lovelorn

Dear Miss Dix,

There are two women in my life - one is wealthy and the other just managesmto get along.. Please advise me - which one shall I marry?

Art Evans.

Dear Art,

I have studied your case carefully and arrived at this conclusion marry tye poor one and send Mr. bMacdiarmid the address of the other.

Dear Miss Dix,

I am 38. My hair is slowly g but surely turning grey, ahd lines are beginning to appear around my mouth. How shall I keep my youth?

Bescis Counsellor.

Dear Miss Growing-Old,

Don't introduce him to your young girl friends.

Dear Miss Dix,

Not long ago I took sick and was taken to the hospital with appendicitis. As it happened, the young and handsome Doctor Eardley of Kamp Kanawana was to perform the operation. Just as they wheeled me into the operating room, The Doc bent over and whispered that I had acute appendicitis. I thought that this must be love at first sight, else why would a Doctor flatter his patient at such a critical moment? But now he does not even know me when he passes me on the road to St.Sauveur.

Junior League Girl.

Dear J.L.G.,

Send me a stamped self-addressed envelope for personal advice.

Dear Miss Dix,

Can you tell if a man is a bad egg if he is rich?

Chief.

Dear Chief,

No, you can only tell if a man is a bad egg if he is broke.